death by the terrible Bengal tiger. There was a moment of fearful confusion during which most of the colonel's paid following fled for their lives, as every man has the god-given right to do. It must be remembered in their defense that only three of them had firearms; the rest were defenseless.

"For myself I dropped where I stood, too faint with terror for instant flight, and in that instant I saw both the sahibs take aim at the tiger as he leaped at the brown throat of a defenseless trailer, whose life went out without a murmur before the sahib's shots took effect. Then, sahib, came the mate of the slain tiger, a splendid fury, full of the blind ardor of recent mating, bereft of fear, mad with blood thirst.

"Strength returned to my palsied limbs and I rushed away toward a solitary temple column that dominated the ruins of an ancient temple, where I found shelter in a vault-like cavern under a pile of huge stones that lay heaped about the one pillar that retained its upright position. Only a very few moments after I had managed to wedge my body into the difficult place of refuge a horse galloped by in frantic haste, followed by a rifle shot—the last charge of the sahibs, as I soon discovered. Almost instantly the grass wall that faced my prison parted and both sahibs rushed toward the slender serrated column that towered above the fallen temple, and began to clamber frantically toward the architrave that offered a precarious support for one person. Their labored breathings bespoke great physical exertion and their agitated downward glances told of the supreme peril that lurked within the yellow sea that stretched on all sides. A hundred feet or so to the right of the column the glistening tassels shook and swayed to the turbulent on-rush of a huge body that plowed its enraged way along the scent of its foes, and the hot, still air carried a sickening odor of fresh blood.

"My colonel was waist-high to the coppice when a clutch from his panting companion caused a fragment of wind-blown debris that had lodged between the delicate stone carvings to loosen and drop, whereupon the colonel cried out in a half-strangled voice, commanding Walsingham to loose his hold. 'It won't hold us both,' he cried in abject terror. 'Let go. Let go, do you hear?'

"And although Walsingham heard, he did not obey, for his grip tightened for the last desperate effort required to hoist his wearied body to a place of refuge which would perhaps have held both men, though it looked very narrow and frail. Suddenly a nailed riding boot kicked Walsingham blindingly between the eyes; his head went back with a gasp are this rigid fingers opened widely and then he fell to the ground with a sound that was very terrible to hear. The man on the arcritrave bowed his face in his hands and a fit of trembling seized him in expectation of what he knew was at hand. It came very swiftly. There was the hoarse, furious cough of a wounded tigress, the swish of a long body hurled through the grass; a scream of human anguish; a sputtering, rending, snarling confusion. Then, silence, like that of the grave.

"HOW long I crouched in my dim prison in a daze of terror and shame and weakness I do not know, sahib. When at last I crept forth the clear, keen eastern stars filled the silence with celestial radiance. My first thought was of my colonel, of whom I had grown deadly afraid because of what he had done, though perhaps I was hardly less guilty in having fled for my own life while my master was in peril. Let it be remembered that I had a young family in India dependent upon my earnings. After all these years my heart has not been entirely cleansed of shame because I made no effort to save the man who is now my master. After a little while I crept toward the place where I had seen the wounded tigress leap and there the great beast lay dead beside the man whom she had rent most horribly in her death throes. At first there appeared to be no life left in the sahib, but I could not find it in my heart to leave him at the mercy of the man who had flung him to destruction, because it came to me that if, by any miracle, the wounded man should survive his dreadful plight his enemy would surely kill him later to cover the dastardly act of that day; so I waited beside him hour after hour, with my hand over his heart, and by and by, when the first glimmer of false dawn flamed into the eastern sky, a faint throbbing under my hand told me that the sahib still lived, although there was neither motion or speech in him. Morning revealed a dim blurr of smoke against the jungle greenery which was a sign of human habitation; I lifted the unconscious man upon my shoulders and carried him like a bag of lentils, until I reached a hut, whose occupants gave me such welcome as they could by gestures and pitying looks.

"Neither of us noticed the shadow that fell across the floor."

"For all the care that we bestowed on the sahib he gave no sign of recovery for many days, and all the while as he lay so helpless and silent on his pallet of grass my heart went out to him more and more so that by the time speech came to him his hold upon me was inalienable. Up to that time there had been nothing between us except an absently kind word thrown out by the sahib in a chance encounter. What it was that drew me so suddenly and forcibly I do not know; nor did he, but he would smile and look very wise and kind as I puttered about in my clumsy ministrations for his comfort, as much as to say, 'These things are beyond us all.' When I spoke of his recovery and home-going, he made no answer at first, for is seemed that the desire of life had run very low, perhaps because of his weakened body; but when I revealed Jean Arden's secret to him—then, sahib, the whole world changed for the sick man, for he had not known, not even on that last day when she had given the colonel to understand how it was with her.

"Instantly my sahib began to improve. His hands were so mangled and painful that he could not write a word of all that he hungered to tell the woman whom he had long loved in secret, and his wounds were still too terrible to admit of any bodily exertion, so there was no way left but to send me to Jean Arden with a message from the dead. We had no money between us and the way was very long—almost twelve hundred miles—but I started off in good heart and was helped many times by friendly natives, so that it went very well with me until I reached the end of my long journey, when fear began to take fresh hold of me in expectation of what might befall through the colonel's vengeance. Very cautiously I felt my way by asking questions, and thus I soon discovered how it had gone with the colonel when he returned from Burmah without Walsingham, whom he said had been killed by a tiger, after a brave fight. People were all very sorry for the colonel because of his dignified grief over the tragic death of his aide, and it had gone extremely well with him even in the offices of love, for he was to marry Jean Arden—because her father, who lay sick unto death, had made that wish his last prayer. So matters stood when I went in search of Jean Arden.

"Has the sahib ever beheld a full blown summer rose amid the snows of mid-winter? Once, when an English bridal couple went down from Herat in a tempest of snow and storm on their way to the sunny Indian plains, I found one of the bridal roses where it had been dropped in the snow and it was even more perfect than when the ardent sun laid bare its fragrant heart in a Persian garden, for the ice that stiffened its crimson petals gave it a jewel-like brilliance, an inconceivable loveliness that held the sadness of death. So Jean Arden looked to me when I found her in her little flower bowered pavilion in a brief interval of watching beside her father, who had suddenly turned aside from death, perhaps because his heart's desire was about to be granted. Before I had framed even a word of greeting she read some hint of my message in my eyes and a little of the icy coldness melted from her face. 'I am the bearer of good news,' said I with due caution. Then she spoke Walsingham's name in a voice that was hardly above a whisper. It was most wonderful to see her as she listened to my story, sitting there in the fragrant silence with the late afternoon sunlight pouring a flood of fine gold all about her. I do not think I have ever seen so much happiness in one human face as her's reflected; the light in her eyes grew and grew until the rose of her beauty was almost dazzling to behold and I fell silent for very wonder.

"NEITHER of us noticed the shadow that fell across the sun-drenched floor of the pavilion until a militant figure darkened the doorway, and then I found myself face to face with my colonel. A little of the ruddy color died out of his heavy face, but he gave no other sign of perturbation as he said, in a calmly inquiring voice, 'Ah, Paran, so you escaped after all? You must have had quite an adventure to have kept you away so long.'

"And, sahib, I found it most difficult to speak at all, but I think my eyes must have told part of my story even before speech came to me, for quite suddenly a look of death came into the colonel's face and his hand went up against his blue lips. 'Yes, colonel, sahib,' I said at last, 'I escaped by hiding within a stone's throw of your place of refuge and I saw everything that happened as clearly as you now see me. I have just told the sahiba what befell her friend, Walsingham, sahib, on that dreadful day.'

"It was as if existence had crumbled beneath the colonel's feet at one appalling stroke, because he realized, then, that all things were at an end to him; that nowhere and never could he hope to escape the universal contempt that would follow his name to the grave when his heinous act should become known. And there was his adoring old mother to go to her grave in shame—it was evident that even in that terrible moment the stricken son thought of the woman who would gladly have laid down her life to spare him an hour's pain. It was then that love raised Jean Arden

(Continued on page 10)

MINING RUBBER.

THERE was a time when we got rubber from trees; we still so obtain much of it, but in addition, we now mine it. There is today a tremendous run on the available rubber supply of the world. Substitutes have been so eagerly clamored for, indeed, to piece out the needs of commerce, that in England alone the patent office has issued over three hundred licenses for "near rubber" or "just as good" products. But none of these has served for the finer grades of caoutchouc, and we have very nearly been on the verge of a rubber famine.

Some years ago at Angers, France, a black, spongy, resilient substance, bearing in many respects a close resemblance to rubber, was discovered in the soil. It was named elaterite. It was found to be of commercial value from the coating of barbed wire fencing to the covering of brick pavement. It never could be made to serve the purposes of rubber, however.

Recently in Wasatch county, Utah, adjacent to deposits of elaterite in that region, a new substance, known as Tabbyite, called after Chief Tabby of the Unita Indians, who revealed the deposits to the whites, has been found to reduce elaterite to a practical working basis as rubber. Belts, mats, insulation, material, etc., have already been turned out by an amalgamation of the two mineral substances. Chemical analysis shows the proper proportions of the constituents of rubber.

Its discovery comes in the nick of time. The plantation system cannot hope to bring the supply up to the demand. From the planting of the trees to their tapping covers a period of about twelve years. If the grove is to flourish, moreover, at the first tapping the grower should not take more than two ounces of the gum from each tree. Computation will show that if in the year 1909 a thousand trees should be planted, it would take till the year 1921 to produce 2,000 ounces, or 125 pounds.

The Tabby-ite-elaterite combination will perform a positive revolution in the rubber industry of this and other countries.